

WAYS OF THEIR HUSBANDS.

Three Wives Discuss the Kinkiness of Mankind.

News and Courier.

After the servant problem had been disposed of the women at the luncheon party began to discuss husbands.

"My husband," purred the little woman with the subdued voice, "is, I believe, the stormiest bluffer now living on the globe. My, what a lot of noise he makes, what a lot of perfectly good breath he wastes, with his bluffs!

"Let me illustrate. You know my black maid, Viola? I've had Viola for two years. She's a splendid worker. I never had a single fault to find with Viola until election day. Viola failed to appear on election day.

"Well, you should have heard my husband bellow when Viola didn't appear! While I was getting breakfast he burst into the kitchen.

"Where's that woman?" he demanded hoarsely, and his hair was all tousled up and he looked really dangerous.

"Viola?" I said. "Why, Viola hasn't come this morning."

"She hasn't?" he roared. "She hasn't come? What the dickens is the matter that she hasn't come?"

"Really, I haven't the slightest idea," I said, trying to be soothing. "Probably she is sick."

"Sick nothing!" he bawled. "Don't you dare tell me she is sick! I refuse to believe anything of the kind. She was probably kiting around San Juan Hill all night, dancing her head off and hitting up the gin and all like that—that's what she was doing."

"Viola," I said dignifiedly, "is a settled woman. She doesn't dance and she doesn't drink. Be reasonable."

"There you go, making excuses for 'em!" he shouted. "Letting 'em walk all over you! Well, they won't walk over me, I tell you that! Not much! When she shows up you pay her and fire her; understand?"

"Viola came on time the next morning. Her face was battered. She was crying when she came in. I smuggled her quietly into the kitchen and asked her about things.

"Really, it was too bad. Her husband had beat her for the first time in their married life of fourteen years. Her husband is a truckman, and a hard working man, but he'd got overfilled with election joy on the night before election and had come home and beaten her, and then he pawned her best pair of shoes for two bits," as she told me, and after that he'd been arrested, and he'd probably be sent to the islands, because he had no money to pay his fine, and, of course, he'd lose his trucking job, and—

"Well then Viola broke down quite badly and I felt very sorry for her. But my husband heard her crying. He called me.

"What's all that noise going on out there in the kitchen?" he demanded of me when I went to his room.

"I told him all about it.

"Huh! fine cock and bull yarn!" he grunted. "Of course you believe all of that junk they tell you. Her man hooked up her shoes for a quarter, hey? H'm. Who's got the ticket?"

"Viola has it," I replied. "She showed it to me."

"Darned pretty note," he growled savagely. "He ought to be strung up by the thumbs! Huh! Hard working man, is he? Well, I haven't a particle of use or sympathy for people like that, but I'm not going to have any woman around my place without any decent shoes to wear. Soon's breakfast's over you give her the money and send her out to get her shoes out o' hock. Where's this loafer of a husband of hers now?"

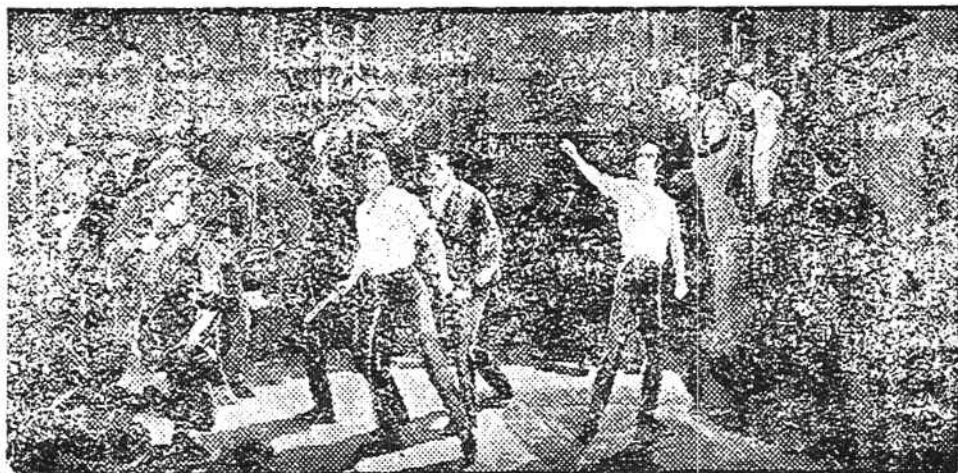
"He'll be taken to Jefferson Market Court this morning, Viola says—she was just around at the police station and saw him," I told him.

"Well, he ought to get about ninety years in prison, darn him!" he mumbled as he pulled on his shoes. "Drives a truck, hey? And he'll lose his job, will he? Well, he ought to lose it! What police station is he in?"

"The one down on 33rd street, Viola told me," I replied.

"He huh'd and muttered a lot more, and then he came into the dining room and gulped his breakfast without a word and started for the office half an hour earlier than usual. About twenty minutes after he left he called me up on the 'phone.

"Now, see here," he bellowed at me over the 'phone. "I've got that scoundrel of a husband of Viola's out, and bought him a drink and some breakfast and he's gone back



SCENE IN HOUSE OF 1,000 CAN DLES, OPERA HOUSE, THURSDAY, DECEMBER, 16TH.

to his job, but I want you to understand one thing—never again! Not any more! I won't tolerate such business! Not much! You tell Viola that her man's out of jail and on the job again, and at the same time you want to give her fair and square warning that—"but he was so terrifically in earnest about the rest of it that I couldn't make out a word that he said.

"Did you ever hear of such a bluffer in all your born days, as my husband is?"

"Oh, they're all like that," put in the woman with the prematurely gray hair and the fresh young face. "I think it is because they are just crazy over the sound of their voices. The only way is to let 'em shout and bellow and roar and then go right ahead and do what you've been intending to do right long. They must let off steam, you know, the poor, blustery creatures.

"A few Sundays ago the ice cream didn't come in time for dinner. My husband made an awful fuss about it, and when the boy did bring the ice cream, about an hour after we'd finished dinner, he rounded on the lad something awful. Asked him what the something or other he meant by loafing on his job that way, and threatened to have him fired and all that, and finally the ice cream boy broke down and began to dash at his eyes with his cap.

"Me brudder was pinched last night, the boy mumbled through his sobs, and I been spendin' most o' me time all day tryin' t' spring him."

"To spring him?" my husband demanded of the lad. "What do you mean by springing him?"

"I git him out," said the ice cream boy, still wiping away at his eyes with his poor old cap. "I been t' see McGooligan," naming the district leader, only that isn't the district leader's name, 'an' McGooligan he trun me. He wouldn't do nuttin' t' spring me brudder. An' he'll have to do his bit."

"Tell that to Sweeney!" said my husband, who becomes terribly slangy when he is angry, but then he began to ask the ice cream boy questions and presently he had the story.

"The lad's brother had been in a stone fight 'wit' his gang" the night before and had been one of the victims when the policemen made their swoop. The brother was "a kid wot alwus woked," and his arrest would be a hard blow on the "mudder," who hadn't yet been told anything about it.

"That's a swell bunch of humbugs," my husband growled at the boy. "Here, you sit down here in the kitchen and I'll find out about this. If you've been trying to string me I'll come pretty near dancing you in a way that you won't like," and then he went to the telephone and called up McGooligan, the district leader.

"McGooligan told him to wait a minute while he called up the police station, and presently the district leader called up my husband again. Then my husband shot back to the kitchen where the dismal looking ice cream boy still sat wiping away at his eyes with his cap.

"Here, you," my husband said to the boy, "that kid brother of yours has been turned loose and is on his way home. Now, you beat it and get on the job again, understand? I won't have you fired for fetching me a mess of ice cream fifteen or twenty hours late this time, but if you ever pull anything like that on me again—and the rest of it was somewhat inarticulate.

"Whenever he gets caught in the act of doing something real nice and kind he always talks all the louder and with an additional imitation of wrath in order to make out that his position has been right from the beginning and that he hasn't receded a fraction of an inch from it. And the pathetic part of it is that the poor ridiculous things' never know how absurd they are, do they?"

"Last spring," put in another of the women, "we lost a whole two weeks washing because scarlet fever broke out among the grandchildren of Maggie, the washerwoman we've had for more than eight years. Mag-

gie's daughter, with the children, lived with her, and when the disease broke out the house was quarantined and my fine two weeks wash was fumigated, of course, and ruined in the process, and we wouldn't have taken it back anyway; and it was a dreadful calamity, too, for it just happened that I'd put a lot of my trousseau things that I'd kept packed away—saving them for years—into the wash that week; and there was the whole wash a complete loss!

"Really, it makes me shudder even to think of the way my husband carried on when he heard about it. Maggie told me about it over the telephone and I could hear her crying as she old me.

"My husband was perfectly unreasonable. He roared at me for not knowing that Maggie's grandchildren were going to have scarlet fever, roared at me for not having fired Maggie years and years ago on general principles, despite her excellence as a laundress; shouted at me for having put my trousseau things in the wash instead of sending them to the laundry and just went on something frightful.

"I told him that it was a thing that couldn't be helped, and that really I hated to lose Maggie as a washerwoman after having had her so long.

"Look a-here, d'ye mean to stand and tell me that you'd have that—that robberess again to do your clothes—and my clothes, too? Never forget that I've got to wear some of the washing! D'ye mean to tell me that you'd have her back again after the deal she's handed out to us?"

"I told him as soothingly as I could that really Maggie hadn't been to blame; that on the contrary, she had been the victim of exceedingly bad luck. He only emitted hoarse noises in his throat when I tried to put the matter in that light and rushed out to his lodge meeting.

"About six weeks later Maggie called on me one afternoon. The poor old thing looked very disheartened and miserable. She didn't ask to be given our washing again; she only came to see me and to explain things. But I gave her the washing all the same.

"I told my husband when he got home that evening that Maggie had been to see me, but I didn't mention anything about having given her the washing again. I told him how badly she looked and all that.

"D'je give her the washing?" he asked me.

"After what you said about that?" I replied non-committally.

"Well, I'm ashamed of you, that's what I am," he said to me in that more in sorrow than in anger tone that men know how to use. "I didn't think it of you; on the level I didn't. A poor old granny of a woman that's been working for you for a hundred years or so and with a hull flock of grandchildren, and just because the kids happen to get a little something the matter with 'em, why, you—oh, shucks, I didn't think it of you, honest."

"What do you suppose happened then? Why, I told him that I had given Maggie the washing after all, and didn't he jaw and fuss at me for having done it without asking him first? Yes, he did, but he didn't mean it, of course. It was only his way—the man's way—of trying to square himself for having done something nice. Now, aren't men the kinky ones?"

It was unanimously agreed that men were and that seemed to settle it.

No Pathetic Ballads.

The Model—How is that friend of yours who went to study in Paris? The Artist—Oh, he's getting on famously.

The Model—How do you know? Have you heard from him?

The Artist—No, that's how I know he's doing well.—Illustrated Bits.

Only Once.

"How often does your car kill a man?"

"Only once, guv-ner!" replied the chauffeur.—Tit-Bits.

Another Talk With You About Special Sales.

What is confidence?

Confidence is the greatest asset to any mercantile business.

Confidence is confiding, trusting, and that in which faith is put. It is such assurance that leads to a feeling of security.

Confidence is lost in merchants and stores who make big extravagant claims and promises and then don't fulfill them.

That is just why there are so many unsuccessful special sales, and why a great many people lose confidence in sales because they do not get what is advertised or receive what they are led to expect.

When a merchant has betrayed the confidence which the public has placed in him, he might as well take a back seat, for he is a dead one when it comes to doing business.

C. C. Cooper's highest aim and ambition has been to CREATE confidence in his business, and in his advertising. He has succeeded, for this has been attested by the hundreds of shoppers that have crowded his store during the Sweeping Sale which opened last Saturday, December 4th, for thirteen days. Every article that was advertised has been put before the public, the entire stock has been put at Great Sweeping reductions. Each half hour sale, each penny sale is being carried on as advertised, every claim is being filled in its detail.

There are eight days left of this Sweeping Sale, and these days will be exceedingly busy ones, as there are new attractions and new features every day. We are expecting you during these days, as you will be benefited in many ways.

In closing this little talk with you, we want to say that Cooper is ever striving and is doing all in his power to retain and hold the confidence which you have placed in him, and he assures you that when he makes a statement, and advertises an opportunity or a sale, you can rest assured that it is a genuine sale, and that he will do just as he advertises. We thank you.

C. C. COOPER,

Across from Newberry Savings Bank.

Consolidated Salvage and Sales Co.,

New York, in charge of entire stock.

This sale closes Saturday, December 18th, at 8. p. m.

LOST.

Notice is hereby given that a certificate for ten (10) shares of the capital stock of the Farmers Oil Mill, in my name, has been lost or misplaced, and application will be made to the Company for a new certificate of stock.

J. R. Perdw.

11-30-09-4t.

Schedules Effective June 20th, 1909. Northbound Departures from Newberry, S. C.

8:57 a. m., No. 15, daily, for Anderson, Greenville and intermediate points connecting at Greenville for Atlanta and points North. Arrive at Anderson 12:24 noon, Greenville 1:15 P. M.

2:48 p. m., No. 11, daily, to Anderson, Greenville and intermediate points, connecting at Greenville for Atlanta and points north. Arrive Anderson 6:14 p. m., Greenville 6:55 p. m. Southbound.

1:40 p. m., No. 18, daily, for Columbia, Charleston, Augusta and intermediate points. Arrive Columbia, 3:25 p. m. Charleston 8:45 p. m. Augusta, 8:35 p. m.

8:47 p. m., No. 16 daily, for Columbia, Charleston and intermediate points. Pullman sleeper from Columbia, arrive Columbia 10:35 p. m. Charleston 8:15 a. m.

Summer Excursion tickets now on sale.

For further information, apply to ticket agents, or,

C. H. Ackert,
V. P. & G. M., Washington, D. C.
W. H. Tayloe,
G. P. A., Washington, D. C.
J. L. Meek,
A. G. P. A., Atlanta, Ga.
W. E. McGee,
T. P. A., Augusta, Ga.

NEWBERRY UNION STATION

Arrival and Departure of Passenger Trains—Effective 12.01 A. M. Sunday May 30, 1909.

Southern Railway:

No. 15 for Greenville .. 8.57 a.m.
No. 18 for Columbia .. 1.40 p.m.
No. 11 for Greenville .. 2.43 p.m.
No. 16 for Columbia .. 8.47 p.m.
C. N. & L. Ry.
No. 22 for Columbia .. 8.47 a.m.
No. 52 for Greenville .. 12.56 p.m.
No. 53 for Columbia .. 3.20 p.m.
No. 21 for Laurens .. 7.25 p.m.
• Does not run on Sunday

City Opera House.

EARHARDT AND BAXTER,

MANAGERS.

Monday, December 13.
America's Greatest Success
POLLY OF THE CIRCUS

Exactly as Presented One Solid Year
In New York City.

Circus Horses
Trick Ponies Dancing Mules
Talking Dogs

Prices 50c to \$1.50. Seats on Sale Friday, December 10.

Good For 1 Vote in The Herald
and News Voting Contest

For

(Not good after 6 o'clock Monday, Dec. 13, 1909.)

This time table shows the times at which trains may be expected to depart from this station, but their departure is not guaranteed and the time shown is subject to change without notice.

G. L. Robinson,
Station Master.

TAX NOTICE.

The time for paying town taxes has been extended to December 15, 1909. After that date the penalty will attach.

J. J. Langford,
Mayor.

O. L. Buzhardt, Clerk & Treas.